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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*The Old Maiden's Talisman, and other Strange Tales.* By the Author of 'Chartley,' &c. 3 vols. London: Bull & Co.

There is so much interest and beauty in the world of actuality, on which the talents of writers of fiction may be employed, that we think it a pity that a writer of ability and observation should waste his strength on the preternatural. It is not, indeed, good policy for an author who can exhibit humanity in an attractive point of view, to endeavour to fasten the interest of his narrative on that which is marvellous; for he thereby distracts the attention, and divides the reader's sympathy. When natural scenes and characters occupy the page, we are interested in humanity as the agent; but when the supernatural is introduced, then man becomes the patient, and we see no development of character or result of human wisdom or folly. It may be said that the supernatural gives room for a wider display of character, inasmuch as it affords a wider scope for folly or wisdom to act in; and reference may be made to the 'St. Leon,' of Godwin, as giving a fine moral lesson. 'St. Leon' merely illustrates a well-known and nearly obvious truth; and the bestowment of ultra-natural gifts or powers on human beings, is placing the arms of a giant in the hands of a pygmy. The first of the tales in the volumes now before us, is a kind of St. Leon in petticoats. A spinster of some wit and beauty, old enough to call herself an old maid, is unexpectedly put into possession of a handsome fortune, and is as unexpectedly presented with a talisman, by which she is enabled to read, or rather to hear, the thoughts of others concerning herself. This gift is at first amusing, then perplexing, and then distressing. Some scenes of humour occur, and some of deep pathos; but the impression which the story leaves on the mind, is anything but satisfactory. The heroine of the tale is a Lady Mary Deningford, who had been in her early youth attached to a Lord Highfield, whose circumstances compelled him to marry for money; and in her late youth, partiality for her first love still dwelt upon her mind. This Lord Highfield ruins himself by gambling; but, by means of the talisman, Lady Mary Deningford discovers that he still retains kind thoughts of his first love; so she resolves, now that she has come into possession of an ample fortune, to extricate him from his embarrassments; this, of course, sends him to the gaming-table again, where, of course, he gets ruined again, and then comes the relief of the pistol. The story is well told, but our sympathy goes with it but imperfectly. If the lady had been particularly anxious for the possession of such a talisman, we should regard her as justly punished—but she was a merry, kind-hearted, quiet sort of a creature, who deserved a better fate.

The next story, entitled 'Peter Snook,' is a quaint mixture of the ordinary and the extraordinary; it is a tale of the city, and in the broadest style of caricature; the ordinary part of the story is as well done as most things of the kind, and the extraordinary is not miraculous. An amusing extract will show the style of this tale; but it would be doing injustice to writer and reader to analyse it.

"Peter, after passing regularly through the grades of apprentice and shopman, had for some years been established in business for himself as a retail linen-draper in Bishopsgate-street. His shop, like its master, was not of the dashing kind, but it had two tolerably large windows, one on each side of the door, and they were both deftly decorated every morning with such of his commodities as he judged most likely to captivate the attention of passengers. All went on well for some time; his gains were not large, but they were steady and regular as himself, and he was perfectly contented with his prospects, till he became acquainted with Miss Clarinda Bodkin, a young lady owning to almost thirty, and withal a great proficient in the mysteries of millinery and mantua-making. Their friendship commenced across the counter; but Peter's attentions to his fair customer soon increased beyond all regular measure, and he was haunted by strange dreams of love and ambition, two master passions which have overthrown many a mightier man.

"Now, if Miss Clarinda would but have me," said he, "we might divide the shop, and have a linen-draper side and a haberdashery and millinery side, and one would help the other. I'm sure it would answer. There'd be only one rent to pay, and a double business,—and it would be so comfortable too!"—and he rubbed his hands and resolved, as he termed it, 'to pop the question' on the very first opportunity. But when the question was popped it was received in a very unsatisfactory manner. Perhaps he said too much about the millinery side of the shop and too little about the lady; or the moment of his declaration might have been unfortunately chosen, as she had just finished reading a novel, the hero of which was, too probably, a fire-eating, dragon-fighting, castle-scaling personage, very different from Peter Snook. After thanking him for the preference he had given her, she proceeded to comfort him with the assurance that she had no doubt he would very soon be able to find some other person perfectly qualified to make him happy, but that, for her own part, she had no idea of altering her condition. And forthwith she commenced plying her needle with wonted rapidity upon a piece of work she had in hand. Peter placed his hands upon his knees and looked at the fire, and then at the cold-hearted fair one, and then at the fire again, and so on alternately for some time, for he knew not what to say, but felt, as he afterwards described it, 'struck all of a heap, and very uneasy in his mind.' At length, just as he had begun to stammer out something about hoping she 'would think better of it,' one of Miss Bodkin's best customers came to try on some article of dress, and such things being out of Peter's line, he was obliged to move off; and thus terminated the first conference.

"It was some consolation afterward to the unsuccessful wooer to find that he had not lost

a customer by the rash declaration of his passion. Miss Bodkin came as before to his shop, and certainly she would have found it difficult to be served so well elsewhere, for Peter always waited upon her himself, and if she complained of the dearth of any article, rather than 'part for a trifle,' he said she should have it at 'prime cost.' Now, whether he really did let her have many excellent bargains, to induce her to continue her visits, or whether she felt disposed to give Peter an opportunity of 'popping the question' a second time, must remain uncertain, but so it was, that two successive days seldom passed without her having occasion for something in his line, and she made no scruple of saying that she should always give him a decided preference, as long as she found that he did not charge higher than his neighbours.

"In this state things continued from January till May, when our linen-draper waxed bolder, and having laid in a choice assortment of spring patterns, and decked his two windows with more than usual care, he ventured to hint how complete the appearance of the shop would be if one of them were filled with millinery and haberdashery. His shopman was out at the time, and Miss Bodkin and he were *tête-à-tête*, the counter being between them. A piece of muslin, concerning which there had been some previous bargaining, was lying upon it, and as one was praising and the other was examining its texture, it happened that their hands came in contact beneath its folds. The lady was sensible of a very affectionate pressure, as Peter exclaimed—

"Take it at your own price, miss!—and you have only to say the word, and all the goods in the shop will be yours on the same terms!"

"La! Mr. Snook!" said she, "how can you talk so?"

"I mean what I say, honour bright," replied he, "and you know it too, miss. I'm not one of those that say a thing one time and deny it another; and so, if you've a mind, there's no more need be said about the matter."

"La! Mr. Snook! you hurt my hand!" cried Miss Clarinda.

"I wouldn't for the world!" exclaimed the ecstatic draper. "Oh! if I could but call it mine!" And leaning forward on the counter, he stooped and pressed it eagerly to his lips.

"La! Mr. Snook!" again cried the lady, "how can you be so foolish! Only consider where we are! Suppose anybody was to come in, what would they think?"

"I don't care what anybody thinks," said Peter, retaining the faintly struggling hand; "I can't think of anybody but you, and don't care who knows it!"

"La! I declare if I had known I would have sent my apprentice for the muslin," observed Miss Bodkin. "Do let my hand go! See! I declare there's a customer at the door."

"Then, tell me you are not offended," said Peter earnestly, and keeping fast hold.

"No, no," replied the milliner quickly, "but I should not like to be seen so." The hand was immediately released, and as the fresh customer was opening the door she continued, in a gay tone and manner:—"You really quite terrified me! There is a time and place for all things. Give me the muslin now, and—I'm

sure I don't know what I was going to say—but it's all your fault.'

"Certainly, miss," observed Peter, instantly resuming his habits of the counter as the other customer approached; and, folding up the muslin with due precision, he added:—"Any other article that I can have the pleasure of showing you this morning, miss?"

"The reply was in the negative, accompanied by an arch look and a shake of the head, which seemed to say, 'Oh, you're a sad little man, Mr. Peter Snook, and can play a double part as well as the rest of your deceitful sex.'

There are two more shorter stories; one called 'Follow your nose,' a German tale, with a German locality, in which an impertinent shopkeeper, whose wit consists in saying to every one "Follow your nose," provokes a mysterious personage to take his advice, which he does by passing through the man's garden, trees, house, and all, leaving trees reduced to charcoal, and an aperture in the stone wall of the house, exactly the same shape and size as the stranger, and smelling marvellously of brimstone. It is easy to guess who this gentleman must have been. The last story is 'The Lodging-house Bewitched,' a rather feeble and pointless production, amounting to nothing, save to fill a part of the third volume. The first and second stories are decidedly the best, and they might have been so managed as to fill the three volumes, by amplifying the first into a kind of sentimental comedy, which the second might have followed as a diverting farce, and a pleasant piece of mystification.

*Gleanings in Natural History.* Second Series. By Edward Jesse, Esq. London: Murray.

We have elsewhere adverted to the fact, which strikes us as being worthy of remark; that, in spite of the utilitarian and mercantile spirit of the age we live in, few books are received with such universal favour as those which treat of the appearances of nature. In proportion as trade is destroying the repose and beauty of our island with its canals and rail-roads, those haunts which yet remain to us undecorated are more frequently and more anxiously sought than formerly. No old oak, be he situated in the most secluded corner of the kingdom, need now fear going to decay in neglected grandeur; and brooks may laugh all the sweeter, for knowing that their windings between banks richly matted with water-flowers, are traced by curious, but not impertinent eyes. Little, perhaps, of striking novelty remains to be discovered; but the contemplative man may observe, and compare, and note down, for a hundred, nay, a thousand years to come, and the secrets of nature will still remain unexhausted. It is a good and holy thing to turn from so much that is false and feverish in literature, and see what is doing in the woods and streams, and watch (as Mary Howitt sings),

When the little flower doth blow,  
And seasons come and go.

We shall extract such passages from Mr. Jesse's volume, as appear to contain any new or important fact.

*Rooks.*—"The rook is a friend to agriculturists, and no farmer, who considers his own interest will destroy a rookery. I once knew this done, in compliance with the request of many farmers, who, two years afterwards, were desirous that it should be restored; the wire-worms,

cockchaffer, grubs, and other destructive insects, having greatly increased within that period. In order to be convinced that these birds are beneficial to the farmer, let him observe the same field in which his ploughman and his sower are at work. He will see the former followed by a train of rooks, while the sower will be unattended, and his grain remain untouched."

*The Migratory Habits of Eels.*—"So strong indeed is their migratory disposition, that it is well known few things will prevent their progress, as even at the locks at Teddington and Hampton the young eels have been seen to ascend the large posts of the flood gates, in order to make their way when the gates have been shut longer than usual. Those which die, stick to the posts; others, which get a little higher, meet with the same fate, until at last a sufficient layer of them is formed to enable the rest to overcome the difficulty of the passage. A curious instance of the means which young eels will have recourse to, in order to perform their migrations, is annually proved in the neighbourhood of Bristol. Near that city there is a large pond, immediately adjoining which is a stream. On the bank between these two waters a large tree grows, the branches of which hang into the pond. By means of these branches, the young eels ascend into the tree and from thence let themselves drop into the stream below, thus migrating to far distant waters, where they increase in size, and become useful and beneficial to man. A friend of mine who was a casual witness of this circumstance, informed me that the tree appeared to be quite alive with these little animals. The rapid and unsteady motion of the boughs, did not appear to impede their progress."

*Swallows.*—"I have frequently noticed how apt swallows are to settle on the ground, in a row, or perfect line. I have no doubt but that many persons must have observed this, while they have been walking near the Serpentine River in Hyde Park, during a fine autumnal day. The birds, after hawking for flies upon the surface of the water, will all at once settle on the path which extends across the head of the river in so perfect a line, that one looks at it with astonishment as the simultaneous act of the birds. Their flight is equally sudden and regular on the approach of an intruder. I have also noticed this regularity of line in young birds, while waiting for food from their parents."

A valuable paper has been contributed by Mr. Yarrell, but we consider that the most interesting pages of this book, are those which contain some miscellanea, selected from the manuscripts of White, of Selborne. There are few characters more delightful to contemplate, few lives more enviable, than the happy healthy one of this excellent old man—his book has become a classic; he has made us acquainted with every turning and winding of his village, "that Anathoth, or place of responses and echoes," as he himself quaintly calls it; and the fragments from his diary here published have a certain freshness of style, which leave the observations of more recent writers far behind. As we read them, we could see the patriarchal old man assisting "Brother Thomas in his attempt to make a Fairy-ring," or watching with a sagacious and smiling eye, the manœuvres of "Timothy," his favourite tortoise. The following are a few disjointed bits from his journal:—

"Kept a young Fern-owl in a cage for some days, and fed it with bread and milk. It was moping and mute by day, but, being a night bird, began to be alert as soon as it was dusk, often repeating a little hissing note. Sent it back to the brakes among which it was first found."

"I sent a woman up the hill with a peck of beech-mast which she tells me she has scattered all round the down amidst the bushes and brakes, where there were no beeches before. I also ordered Thomas to sow beech-mast in the hedges all round Baker's Hill."

"The sweet peal of bells at Farnham, heard up the vale of a still evening, is a pleasing circumstance belonging to this situation, not only as occasioning agreeable associations in the mind, and remembrances of the days of my youth, when I once resided in the town, but also by bringing to one's recollection many beautiful passages from the poets respecting this tuneful and manly amusement, for which this island is so remarkable."

"Heard's well is 250 feet to the bottom. Deep and tremendous as it is, John Gillman, an idiot, fell to the bottom of it twice in one morning, and was taken out alive, and survived the strange accident for many years."

"A day or two before any House-martins had been observed, Thomas Hoar distinctly heard pretty late one evening the twittering notes of those birds from under the eaves of my brew-house, between the ceiling and the thatch. Now the quere is, whether those birds had harboured there the winter through, and were just awakening from their slumbers, or whether they had only just taken possession of that place unnoticed, and were lately arrived from some distant district. If the former was the case, they went not far to seek for an hibernaculum, since they nestle every year along the eaves of that building."

Mr. Jesse has collected some anecdotes concerning the sagacity of dogs, of which this is one:—

"A gentleman, residing in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, had a favourite dog who was his constant companion. He was an old bachelor, and his sister resided with him. Before leaving his dining-room he was in the habit of locking up his wine, and then threw the bunch of keys on the floor, which was taken up by the dog, who followed his master with the keys in his mouth to join his sister in the drawing-room. This practice was followed till the old gentleman's death. The dog then appeared miserable, and in order to let him follow his old custom, the wine was locked up as usual, and the keys thrown on the floor. But neither then, or at any subsequent time, would the dog be induced to take them up. It was impossible for this poor animal to shew his love for his deceased master in a more marked and affecting manner."

It is impossible to pass the account of a parrot, which has been communicated to the author by a lady. The bird, we are sure, must be *uncanny*, and we should have feared for the safety of herself and her mistress, had she been living two hundred years ago, instead of in this age of disbelief:—

"Her laugh is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible not to help joining in it oneself, more especially when in the midst of it she cries out 'don't make me laugh so, I shall die, I shall die,' and then continues laughing more violently than before. \* \* \*

"The first time I ever heard her speak, was one day when I was talking to the maid at the bottom of the stairs, and heard what I then considered to be a child call out 'Payne,' (the maid's name,) 'I am not well, I'm not well.' and on my saying, 'what is the matter with that child?' she replied, 'it is only the parrot, she always does so when I leave her alone, to make me come back;' and so it proved, for on her going into the room the parrot stopped, and then began laughing quite in a jeering way. \* \* \*

"She sings just like a child, and I have more than once thought it was a human being; and

it is most ridiculous to hear her make what one should call a false note, and then say 'Oh la,' and burst out laughing at herself, beginning again in quite another key. \* \* \* One day I went into the room where she was, and said, to try her, ' Poll, where is Payne gone ?' and to my astonishment, and almost dismay, she said ' down stairs.'"

*An Elm Tree.*—“It is perhaps not generally known that one of the elm trees standing near the entrance of the passage leading into Spring Gardens, was planted by the Duke of Gloucester, brother to Charles the First. As that unfortunate monarch was walking with his guards from St. James’s to Whitehall, on the morning of his execution, he turned to one of his attendants and mentioned the circumstance, at the same time pointing out the tree.”

Here we must conclude.

*Sketches in Spain during the Years 1829, 30, 31, and 32; containing Notices of some Districts very little known, of the Manners of the People, Government, Recent Changes, Commerce, Fine Arts, and Natural History.*  
By Capt. S. S. Cook, R.N., K.T.S., F.G.S.  
8vo. 2 vols. London: Boone.

Capt. Cook has been for some years a resident in Spain, whence we presume he must have forgotten his native language, as his present style of writing it is all but unreadable. We regret this, for he has collected some good materials, but they are clothed in such a repulsive form, that we should never have arrived at them, had we not followed Johnson's plan, and "set ourselves doggedly to it." In truth, nothing but a sense of duty would have enabled us to drudge on through the first hundred and fifty pages, containing, what he terms, descriptive tours in various parts; occasionally, however, a little bright bit comes to reward our toil, and cheer us on our weary way. He had warned us in the preface, that "in examining the details of society and government in this singular country, the reader must expect to find no inconsiderable mass of contradictions, of anomalies, and paradoxes," and scarce had we made a day's journey in his company, before we stumble on the following:—

"The Moorish citadel, crowned with battlements, which was blown up by the French without any necessity, for the place is *quite indefensible*, occupies a nook, forming the only convenient approach. It was *so strong*, that the Christians would never have taken it except by famine or stratagem."

This, to be sure, looks strangely like a contradiction, though we know not whether it is to be referred to the "state of society or of government, in this singular country;" but leaving this point undecided, and proceeding as the Captain did, with a file of asses towards Seville, we encounter on the road, "a young lady who was threading the wilds of this country in the middle of December, riding on an ass, gaily dressed in white muslin with a straw hat and green veil." The ass, to say the least of it, must have looked comical in this novel costume, which, however, it is just possible, may have belonged to the young lady; but there can be no question as to the sort of head-gear worn by the coast of Barbary, as we are directly told, "the peasantry frequently wear a red scull-cap, like that of the opposite coast of Barbary." We were certainly not before aware of this termination to the Pillars of Hercules, and we

now hasten to suggest it to the committee, who seem so sadly at a loss how to finish the York Pillar in Waterloo Place. To return, however, to our travelling companions, the donkeys, or, as Capt. Cook more politely terms them, "the palfreys," they appear to possess certain sociable qualities, of which the Captain did not fail to avail himself. "We overtook," he says, "a drove of asses, and ascertaining from the leader, that they belonged to Macael, as my guide was ignorant of the road, I joined company with them, after which, we (that is Capt. Cook and the "palfreys") crossed the river above Cantoria, and ascending a mountain tract, arrived at Macael." He takes considerable notice of his *compagnons de voyage*, and reports that "they travel at a good pace, with a light and cheerful step, occasionally tumbling over the rocks, and recovering their feet with great coolness and agility." The *sang froid* of these creatures is remarkable, yet it is more than rivalled by the sagacity of their blood relations, the mules, one example of which, Capt. Cook witnessed at Portugalete, near Bilbao:

"I was riding out, when, in attempting to cross a part of a swatchway, the mule of the guide got into a quicksand. The tide was flowing very fast, and the danger was most imminent. The animal lay motionless until the saddle was disengaged, when with one jerk, it cleared itself, *the only plan which could possibly have saved it.*"

Perhaps it was hardly worth while to go to Spain to learn that a mule will jump out of a quagmire when the load is taken off its back; but there are other matters less obvious such as the following:—

"They cannot find good draught horses for the artillery, which a dislike to the long ears of the mules prevent them allowing, although they are much better suited to the purpose than their horses."

We confess we do not altogether comprehend how "a dislike to the long ears of the mules," prevents the Spaniards finding "good draught horses for their artillery;" the fact, however, we give as we find it, and subsequently join another, the result also of Capt. Cook's observations, viz. that "at Benevente, there is a collection of large and ill-selected Flemish and Norman horses, which seem likely to dis-

and Norman horses, which seem likely to discourage the attempts of introducing foreign breeds;" a clear proof of the influence of these Hounynns, and of the truth of the old proverb, "two of a trade," &c. Indeed their importance in Capt. Cook's eyes would appear almost unequalled, as he does not hesitate to declare, that "one of the greatest losses Spain has sustained during the disastrous periods of her modern history is"—what do our readers suppose?—the slaughter of her inhabitants?—no; the sacking of her towns?—no; the burning of her villages and desolation of her country?—no: according to our author, it was "the loss of the breed of horses, of which the best are nearly extinct!"

These, we presume, are a few of the "anomalies" we were led to expect; for a paradox we may instance the statement, page 37, that "the district which includes the maritime parts of the kingdom of Murcia, and the western portion of Valencia, possesses *unequalled advantages for agriculture*," though in the same breath we are told, that "it is the driest country in Europe, being sometimes *nine or ten months without rain*."

But from noticing these little peculiarities

of our author, we turn to the more agreeable task of considering the information which he has really collected. This he arranges under the several heads of Government, Clergy, Military, Manners of People, Robbers, Revenues and Commerce, Mines, Fine Arts, and Natural History.

The great engine, by means of which the government maintained itself, was the police, a part of whose duty it was to become personally acquainted with the parties under their *surveillance*. For this purpose, domiciliary visits were resorted to, and every kind of duplicity, not only practised, but encouraged.

"One of these functionaries, soon after taking command, sent a civil message to a lady of my acquaintance, to say, that in the course of duty he must pay her a visit, and begged her to fix the time. This was accordingly done, and after a very polite interview, he told her that he was quite satisfied, and that to make her entirely easy, he should send her a copy of his report to government, which stated, that she was a perfectly good subject, and that nothing should be believed to her prejudice. She was of course highly satisfied, and took every opportunity of lauding the liberality of the party. A few months afterwards he was removed, and the people in the office being changed, a friend of hers was appointed to fill a situation in it. By accidental conversation on the subject, this person told her she had been completely deceived, and that the report she had seen was pseudo, and not the real one, of which he gave her a copy. This document set forth, that she was a most dangerous person, capable not only of exciting a city, but of setting a whole province in flames, and that no vigilance could be too great in watching her motions. So far he was correct, that she united solid education and knowledge with the grace and fascination of Andalusia, and might, if she had chosen to exert her talents, have effected mischief to a cause to which scarcely any Andalus has any predilection; but this oriental mode of dealing reflects little honour on the individual. This transaction might be supposed to be drawn from the archives of the empire, so exactly does it resemble some of the proceedings of that period. The kind of talent possessed by the individual who conducted this operation was too valuable to be overlooked by Calomarde, and he rose rapidly to one of the highest offices in Spain."

Travelling in Spain is somewhat improved, owing to the exertions of a M. Cabanes, a retired officer of rank, who has turned his attention to the subject. He has, however, as yet been able to do but little towards improving the roads, which are generally in a wretched condition. Despatch being thus out of the question, comfort seems particularly to be aimed at:—

"In Spain the first consideration is the procuring every accommodation the country will allow, before any one is invited to travel in their conveyances; every minutia is attended to, and the result is a progress in a short period quite incredible, which is affecting the whole system of internal communications. The system is almost universally the same. The passengers are called at a very early hour, when chocolate, or coffee, or tea, which is becoming very much the fashion, is served, according to the inclination of the parties. A portion of the journey is made, and you halt at ten or eleven, sooner or later, as it may be, to dine, as it is termed. This is a regular *déjeuner à la fourchette*. Two hours are allotted to this halt, when you again start, and generally arrive before dark, after which supper is served. These repasts being provided entirely for the passengers, every one

is obliged to pay a proportion, whether he partake or not, unless he spend money to a similar amount in some other way. Whenever the coach stops, the *mayoral* opens the door, and asks if any one wishes to alight. « Every thing in these conveyances is on the same uniform system of polite and respectful attention to the company and to each other. »

All their politeness and attention, however, cannot always save the passengers from being left in a rather unpleasant dilemma.

“ In the winter of 1830, which was extremely severe, I was going from Andalusia to Madrid. We had great difficulty to get through La Mancha, the road being quite broken up, and heavy sleet and snow falling. We only succeeded by the indefatigable exertions of the *zagales*, who ran on foot the whole way, nearly knee deep in mud and half melted snow, urging on the mules with their cheerful and unceasing voices. At the last post before Ocaña, there is a long and rather steep rise, which we reached at nightfall. They had not taken the precaution of putting on additional mules, and the regular *tire* refused to mount the *cuesta*. It was found impracticable to force them, and after some time they determined to send back for a reinforcement. The master of the post sent two mules, with orders to the *zagales*, that if they did not immediately succeed, they were to unyoke the whole and return home. A hard frost from Siberian cold had succeeded the sleet, and the animals and men were half frozen by the time they returned. Accordingly, after a short trial, they gave up the attempt, and quietly returned home, leaving the coach full of passengers to pass the night on the *cuesta*. ”

An escort always attends on the diligence when travelling, and is not unfrequently composed of reclaimed robbers. These robbers are of three descriptions—either *rateros*, petty pilferers, who lurk about the outskirts of towns and villages, attacking the unwary traveller towards dusk; or *salteadores*, who sally out in bands from their own villages on preconcerted expeditions, after which, they again return to their usual occupations; or thirdly, the regular professional robbers, who, armed and equipped, keep the field constantly, under acknowledged chiefs, in open defiance of the authorities. One of the most celebrated of these chiefs, was Jose-Maria, an Andalusian, under whom the system seems to have been brought to its utmost perfection. His troop never exceeded twelve, yet,

“ By the union of courage, skill, tact, consummate knowledge of the country and of conducting enterprises, he defied every effort to apprehend or destroy him. He had auxiliaries and correspondents in all the towns and villages within his occupation, and recruited at will, having, I have heard, at least 40 candidates for a vacancy when it occurred in his troop. By a proclamation of the Captain general, the authorities of four places, amongst which were Moron and Estepa, were publicly denounced as abetting and assisting him. His system was so completely organized that there were gradations of punishment for those who interfered with him. In one instance, the *alcalde* of some place had taken measures against him. He went to the spot where his bullocks were at work, and ordering them to be placed in a line, his troop dispatched them; a heavy loss in a country where there is no remedy for such misfortunes. A worse act of the same kind was performed near Antequera. The men of Alameda, which was in the centre of his principal beat, armed themselves and went in pursuit of him. As this system must have proved fatal to him if persevered in, he decreed dreadful vengeance: sending notice that the first men he met with belonging to the

place, should be shot. In a short time he fell in with three men, and ascertaining by their *cartas de seguridad*, that they belonged to Alameda, he ordered them instantly to be put to death. One of them was only wounded by the first volley, and called out that he was not a native of the place: finding this to be true, they bound up his wounds, placed him on horseback, and conveying him to a *Cortijo*, left him with sufficient provisions to last until he should procure other relief. \* \* \*

“ This class of robbers are frequently complaisant and even jocular and good humoured in the exercise of their calling. A man well known at Seville, was stopped by one of the great bands. His baggage was dismounted in the usual manner and the contents of his portmanteau laid out on the ground. He begged for some favourite article to be returned, which was done, and he went on to some others. At last, as he appears to have had the same sort of attachment to his goods which Fielding describes Mrs. Honour to have felt on a very different occasion, the heap was diminishing so fast, that one of the gang called out to the captain, in Andalusian, the neatness of which is lost in the translation, ‘ Hold! if you do not stop, in place of robbing him, he will rob us.’ ”

It appears, that an appeal to their generosity may also be made with success:—

“ A lady whom I know, was saved from robbery, by her presence of mind and touching the point of honour of this singular race. She was travelling and had halted to breakfast in a defile where a band was stationed, who soon made their appearance. With admirable coolness she invited them to join her, in the frank manner usual in the country, which they accepted, and then left her unmolested. This could only have happened in Andalusia. Instances occurred whilst I was in Spain of their returning the chattels of ladies when they took every thing besides; but this romantic generosity is not always displayed.”

In estimating the numbers of the Spanish clergy, Capt. Cook alludes to the ridiculously exaggerated statements on the subject put forward by the *Edinburgh Review*. It will be in our readers' recollection, that the statement was no sooner made, than answered by us in an article which may be said to contain all that is really known on the subject, and which may be found in our 252nd number, published August 25, 1832.

The influence of the church, Capt. Cook agrees with us, is on the decline:—

“ There is an invincible repugnance in a large portion of society to confession, and scarcely any of those above the lower classes, now, I believe, conform to it, at least in the cities. \* \* I visited a public establishment, of which a chief manager was a Frenchman, who conducted me over it with the characteristic politeness of his nation. I enquired amongst other things, as I suspected he would be, whether he was obliged to confess. He looked rather ashamed at the question, but after a pause, said, ‘ mais oui, il faut se confesser! ’ How do you manage to get through it? seeing he was of the description of men, who have no relish for these ceremonies in the present day; he said, ‘ Eh! ma foi! l'on fait des grimaces, et l'on s'en tire. ’ He represents a very numerous class.”

From the chapter on fine arts, which in general is as dull as a catalogue, and wants its brevity, we extract these hints on picture cleaning—*soit dit en passant*—our mortal aversion:—

“ It may be noticed for the information of those who possess specimens of this school, that the greatest care is necessary in cleaning them. A large portion of those now remaining, and

which come under the inspection of the purchaser, are dried up and the oil exhausted by exposure to the burning sun, in a climate so favourable to evaporation. It is common to see pictures of which the surface crumbles to dust in the fingers. With those there are two plans to be pursued. The first is to fix the colour: which is done by a species of glue applied to the surface; the picture should then be lined, and the operation of what the Spaniards term giving *jugo*, sap or juice, be commenced. This consists in applying walnut oil slowly and successively as the picture will absorb it, when it gradually assumes consistency, and shows the colours. After this the cleaning may be done, but the picture should if possible be exposed to the air for some time previously. The cleaning is an operation of extreme delicacy. In all the schools, especially in that of Seville, and more particularly in the pictures of Murillo; from some cause, either of the oil, or of the oxydation of the mineral colours of the glazing used to finish, they acquire a dinginess of colour, and have often a roughness on the surface from the handling of the master. Both these circumstances try the nerves of picture cleaners, and of most of their employers, and a picture is seldom allowed to remain in this state. Some acid or other method is tried, the *patina* and the supposed blemish come off together, and the picture is washed, as are nearly all in the galleries. The fine finishing of the master is irretrievably gone, and is frequently attempted to be restored by what is called toning. Very few exceptions are seen, either in the works of Velasquez or Murillo, and those of the latter frequently resemble copies, from the faint and cold colours which now form the surface, and which in London, is frequently supplied by quantities of varnish, and in Paris, by picking away the outline, and giving fresh relief or roundness to the picture, which is thus remanufactured.”

The zoology is very meagre—little more than a list of animals and their habitations. Botany and geology are better, particularly the latter, to which much attention seems to have been paid.

Our extracts have been sufficiently numerous to justify our comments, and enable the reader to form a correct estimate of the work.

*Tchao-chi-kú-eul, ou, l'Orphan de la Chine, &c.—[The Orphan of China, a Drama, in Prose and Verse, with a Miscellany of Chinese Literature. Translated from the Chinese, by Stanislas Julien.] Paris: Moutardier.*

We were favoured with an early copy of this interesting work, the first which M. Stanislas Julien has published since his succession to the chair of the lamented Rémusat. It is of course known to the reader, that Voltaire's tragedy of the 'Orphan of China,' was founded on the version of this drama, sent to Europe by Prémare, and published in 1735 by Du Halde. Prémare's version was, it appears, very imperfect, and Voltaire's adaptation has scarcely a feature of the original. The principal fault in Prémare's translation, was his omission of the operatic parts, for this, like most Chinese dramas, is diversified by the introduction of poetical airs, sung with a musical accompaniment, as in our operas. M. Stanislas Julien has now, for the first time, given a perfect translation of this very singular drama, and he has prefixed to it the accounts given by the native historians of the circumstances on which it is founded.

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The introductory act, or prologue, opens with a sort of soliloquy by the minister Tú-an-Kú; which he sings to a popular air. He then declares his name, and explains the part he has to sustain—

I am Tú-an-kú, the general in chief  
Of mighty Tsin's; since the King Ling Kong  
Began to reign his confidence was given  
To me and to my rival Tchao-Tún;  
The king was anxious we should live as friends;  
I hated Tchao, and resolved his death,  
But till this day he baffled all my snares.

Having mentioned the several attempts that failed, Tú-an-kú describes that which had proved successful. He procured a dog of extraordinary sagacity (Chin' ao), which he taught to take its food from a figure made to represent Tchao-Tún. When the dog was sufficiently trained, he went to the king, declared that a conspiracy had been formed against him, and that the Justice of Heaven had endowed a dog with sagacity to discover the guilty. Ling Kong forthwith ordered the court to be assembled, and the dog to be introduced; the animal at once attacked Tchao-Tún, and the king satisfied that this was proof of his minister's guilt, ordered him to be slain, with his whole family, amounting to three hundred persons. But Tchao-Tún's son, Tchao-so, still survived; he was the king's son-in-law, and the princess was on the point of making him a father; Tú-an-kú declares his resolution to murder Tchao-so, and the infant as soon as it should be born; and he concludes his part of the prologue, by singing,

Of Tchao's house three hundred fell,  
The victims of my hate;  
Should Tchao-so the number swell  
I then may mock at fate.  
Die—die he must—to set me free—  
Choose he the death that suits.  
He who would quite destroy a tree  
Must pull up all the roots.

In the second part of the prologue, we are introduced to Tchao-so and the princess, his spouse; Tchao-so foretells his approaching death, and requests her to name her child, if a boy, Tchao-chi-kú-eul, that is, "The Orphan of the House of Tchao." The messenger of death arrives in the midst of the conversation, and Tchao-so, having bequeathed vengeance as his only legacy to his unborn son, submits to his fate.

The first act opens at the birth of the Orphan of China; his mother is closely watched by the emissaries of Tú-an-kú; she entrusts the child to a faithful physician, Tching-ing, and immediately commits suicide. Tching-ing carries away the child in his herbal chest, but at the gate he is stopped by the officer of the watch, Kan Kioué, and is forced to admit him into his confidence. Kan Kioué permits Tching-ing to pass, and slays himself, lest he might be tempted to betray the secret.

In the second act, Tú-an-kú having learned the escape of the orphan, resolves on a Bethlehem massacre; Tching-ing in terror, seeks the advice of Kong Sun, an old councillor of state, whom old age had forced to resign his employments. After a long deliberation, it is agreed, that Tching-ing should bring his own child to Kong Sun, and then denounce him to Tú-an-kú, for having concealed the orphan Tchao. The second act concludes with the following song by the faithful physician:—

My child I cheerfully resign,  
To save the last of Tchao's line;  
Justice and honour both demand  
This sacrifice at Tching-ing's hand.  
But, oh! it fills my soul with grief  
To doom to death you aged chief.

In the third act, Kong Sun is tortured in the presence of Tching-ing, to make him confess where the child was concealed; in the meantime, the soldiers find Tching-ing's son, and bring the infant to Tú-an-kú; he orders him to be put to death; Tching-ing stifles his emotions, and Kong Sun, convinced that the secret was now effectually concealed, commits suicide. Tú-an-kú concludes the act with a song of exultation.

Between the third and fourth acts, a period of twenty years is supposed to elapse; the orphan has become a favourite with Tú-an-kú, and has been educated by him with the utmost care. He has also been entrusted with a military command; his heart burns with the love of glory; but he ceases not to love his supposed father Tching-ing, and pays him a daily visit, when the review of the troops is over. Tching-ing, now in his sixty-fifth year, frequently meditates on the uncertainty of life, and thus expresses himself in song;

Quickly the days and months rolls on,  
Old age arrives, and manhood's gone:  
Infant sport and youthful play  
By rolling years are swept away.  
He who would act, must in his heart  
Have well mat'rd his destin'd part,  
Else when the hour for action calls  
Helpless he wav'rs—hopeless falls.  
Let me not linger with a dead,  
For time goes by with arrow-speed.

Impressed with these feelings, he resolves to reveal the secret of his birth to the orphan, and for this purpose places before him a book of paintings, in which the misfortunes of his family were represented. The young man feels extraordinary emotions, for which he cannot account, as he contemplates the mysterious pictures; he seeks an explanation from Tching-ing, and learns for the first time the history of his birth. The act concludes with his declaration, that he will take immediate vengeance on Tú-an-kú.

The fifth act opens with the information that Tú-an-kú has already acquired so much strength, as to endanger the throne; artifice is therefore necessary to secure his person. By united craft and courage, the orphan, however, seizes the traitor; he is sentenced to a cruel death, and the drama concludes with a royal proclamation, ordering the orphan to be restored to the ancient dignities of the Tchao family, bestowing upon Tching-ing a rich estate, and ordaining sepulchral honours to those who had died in rescuing the orphan of the house of Tchao.

From the historical memoirs prefixed, it would appear that the account of Tching-ing having sacrificed his son to preserve the orphan, is an actual fact; if so, it stands without a parallel in the annals of fidelity.

The miscellaneous translations that follow this drama are interesting, but we must defer our notice of them, and some general remarks which we designed to have made on the nature of Chinese literature, to a future opportunity.

*Imaginative Biography*, by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. London: Saunders & Otley.

"By *Imaginative Biography*," says the elegant and accomplished author of these volumes, "I mean an imaginative superstructure on the known facts of the biography of eminent characters." He has thus chosen a wide field,—a field only separated by a very narrow, and, in places, imperceptible bound-

ary, from that debateable land in which Shakespeare and Scott have married history to fiction, with a due regard, it must be confessed, to the interests of the latter. But the task of calling up the mighty dead before us, and noting down their converse, has been already most ably performed; and, after the characteristic and vigorous 'Conversations' of Walter Savage Landor, truth compels us to admit that the dialogues of Sir Egerton Brydges read somewhat faint and spiritless. Indeed, he seems as if aware that his strength does not lie in the colloquial form of writing, as the latter part of the first, and the whole of the second volume, are, for the most part, unbroken prose, so that the interest of the work increases as we proceed; for the style of its author is always elegant and refined, without being painfully elaborate. His lucubrations upon poets, concerning whom he loves to write, and of whom we are never weary of reading, are always interesting, and while they show the gentleman by the absence of partizanship or prejudice, or any of those pettinesses which (alas for poor human nature!) are too apt to creep in, when one literary man undertakes the criticizing of the works of another, display also much of the genuine inspiration, the keen discernment of beauty, and the sincere and noble feeling, in the strength whereof he has just right to say, "*Ed anche io son poeta!*" Nor are the volumes before us less agreeable, inasmuch as we gather from them something of their writer's own mind. The particular pleasure with which he dwells upon the works of Charlotte Smith (which have passed away into the shadows of oblivion sooner than they deserved), the earnestness with which he stands forward as the champion of her, so long and so irreverently nicknamed, "that old madwoman, the Duchess of Newcastle," and the devotion wherewith he lavishes praise upon his favourite Petrarch, are sure indexes of a mind whose natural bearing is towards the beautiful and curious and polished in literature, rather than those rugged, though often sublime displays of unpruned and untutored genius, by which, on the other hand, many are so entirely fascinated, that their admiration carries them to the point of regarding all scholarship as cold and cumbrous pedantry, and all delicacy as effeminacy and want of strength.

Our extracts will neither be many nor

long. The book is one to win its way by

elegance rather than brilliancy, and we shall

content ourselves with drawing upon its pages

for one or two characters of the poets which

we think happily expressed.

Gray.

"Gray had the odd contradiction of a manly mind, and fastidious and somewhat effeminate manners. His imagination was all rural; but his birth and habits lay in a town. He never took up a rural sport; it does not seem as if he had ever been on horseback. He amused himself in the fields with flowers and plants, and butterflies and insects. His fancy supplied him with the habits of countrymen; the plough, the axe, the spade, the scythe and sickle, the vocations of the shepherd and the herdsman. He loved to contemplate the snowy whirlwind, the April shower, the summer-morn, and the fading lights of evening, as the golden tints recede into twilight and darkness. His manner in society was that of *petit-maitre*; his solitary thoughts were never frivolous. He was serious, benevolent, gentle, and conscientious. Perhaps

he was too delicate for the rude tempers of the world; and he was like a tender plant, which could not bear the rough air, and tempests, and frosts."

The sketch of Collins is written with great tenderness and delicacy; he is here represented, during one of his fits of mental aberration, under the care of Warton:—

" Warton found in his room the fragments of a song in the character of one of those children, whom he called the *Wood Nymph*. It was too imperfect to be copied; but it had parts of some very beautiful lines, more wild than he was accustomed to be. It was of a girl about eleven years old, whose voice they had once or twice surprised in the copse, or along the lanes, bringing to her father in a basket his humble repast. Warton knew her, being the child of one of his parishioners; and when he spoke to her, he observed Collins gaze intently upon her; and then when he caught Warton's eye, turn away, and smile to himself."

The story of Lord Avening has much melancholy beauty—yet an extracted fragment would only appear tame. We will give, in preference, some of the lines which the author quotes to justify his defence of the Duchess of Newcastle, and they really bear him out very fairly in his admiration of that whimsical lady. She is singing of Fairyland:—

A dewy waving leaf's made fit  
For the queen's bath, where she doth sit,  
And her white limb in beauty show,  
Like a new-fallen flake of snow;  
Her maids do put her garments on,  
Made of the pure light from the sun,  
Which do so many colours take,  
As various objects shadows make;  
Then to her dinner she goes straight,  
Where all fairies in order wait;  
A cover, of a cobweb made,  
Is there upon a mushroom laid;  
Her stool is of a thistle-down,  
And for her cup an acorn's crown,  
Which of strong nectar full is filled,  
That from sweet flowers is distill'd," &c. &c.

There is much truth in these few lines upon Johnson, with which our notice must conclude:—

" If he is wrong, it is not a borrowed error. Neither the critical nor the biographical parts were stale compilations; all passed through the sieve of his own intellect. Though perhaps his learning was often not minute, it was infinitely comprehensive and materially digested; he dwelt on no misty and half-developed ideas. His experience in literature was great; and he had penetrated deeply into the characters of mankind. Nothing dazzled him, and nothing misled him; unless his own ill humour."

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA, VOL. LII.  
*The History of the Christian Church.* By  
the Rev. H. Stebbing, A.M. Vol. II.  
London: Longman & Co.; Taylor.

We bestowed great praise on the first volume of this work; the second merits higher eulogy; the increasing difficulties of the subject seem to have roused Mr. Stebbing's energies. In this volume, he relates the rise and progress of the papal power—a topic equally important and hazardous, for the mingled hate and fear of popery, for which England was so long remarkable, slumber, indeed, but are not extinct. Impartiality on almost every other subject meets with general praise; but whenever ecclesiastical history is discussed, a cry is raised for the exhibition of "a Protestant spirit," that is, for sectarian views and partial representations. To this senseless cry, our author has not responded; rising

above the angry disputes and fierce contests of rival churches, Mr. Stebbing surveys with the eye of a Christian philosopher the circumstances that led to the foundation of the papal power, the events that favoured its development, and its general effects on European society.

It may be granted without difficulty, that the extravagant power claimed and assumed by the Romish See, was adverse both to the letter and spirit of the Gospels; that it constituted a spiritual tyranny, whose continuance would have proved an effectual bar to mental improvement; and that our gratitude is justly due to the heroes of the Reformation, who freed us from the degrading thralldom. But this is not inconsistent with a belief, that during the dark ages, the Hierarchy alone preserved the elements of civilization; that the extravagant power of the Church was necessary to check the more extravagant tyranny of feudal sovereigns; and that the Papacy, with all its faults, was at one time the single European institution, which protected the rights of the weak and restrained the insolence of the powerful. Poisons are, we know, usually destructive, but there are diseased states of the body in which poisons are found to be remedies; in like manner spiritual tyranny is doubtless an evil, but occasions have occurred, when, as an antagonizing force to a greater evil, it proved a positive good. Mr. Stebbing manfully asserts the claims of the Church of Rome to respect as an important element of civilization; conscious of his own strength, he dares to do justice to his adversary, and before he pronounces sentence of condemnation on a course of action abstractedly wrong, he examines whether it may not be palliated, or perhaps justified, by the circumstances of the period.

The most frequent objection made to the Romish church, is the union of temporal and spiritual power in its head; now, though this is wrong in a religious point of view, yet Mr. Stebbing shows that, politically considered, its effect has been beneficial. Of the spiritual power, Mr. Stebbing takes equally enlightened views, and especially he does ample justice to the character of Hildebrand, whom protestant writers have generally described as a moral monster. But before historians pronounced sentence on this ambitious and able pontiff, they should have examined the character of the age in which he lived, the evils by which he was surrounded, and the persons with whom he had to contend. The possessions of the Church had, in his age, become sufficiently extensive to attract the cupidity of the state; had sovereigns succeeded in obtaining the absolute appointment of the bishops, their sway would have been established beyond all power of check or control, and Asiatic despotism would have been rivalled by European. The interests of religion required the most vigorous exertions on the part of all who did not regard the church as a mere political engine; the sale of benefices was equally open and scandalous; bishoprics were purchased by ignorant and immoral men; simony prevailed to such an extent, that, unless a remedy had been found, Christianity might have become a mockery and a scorn. At such a crisis, Hildebrand ascended the papal throne, with the title of Gregory VII., protesting that his election was the greatest calamity that had ever befallen him—and "there is no just or sufficient reason,"

says Mr. Stebbing, "to make us suspect his sincerity."

It must be remembered, in estimating the character of Gregory, that he was beloved by his Roman subjects, a fact inconsistent with the charge of capricious tyranny sometimes urged against him. This attachment was frequently exhibited in the hours of difficulty and danger, of which we may quote one remarkable example:—

" Cencio, the son of Alberic, prefect of the city, had, by a series of unlawful acts, brought upon himself the indignation of the pontiff, who excommunicated him, and placed him in confinement. The faction, however, of which he was the head, speedily restored him to liberty; and he lost no time in seeking revenge on the pontiff. His scheme was ripe for execution on Christmas day; and while Gregory was engaged in the solemn performance of the midnight mass, a band of soldiers rushed into the church, seized him without any respect to the sacredness of his office or of the place, and, after having inflicted several injuries on his person, conveyed him to his castle. This daring outrage was, in a few minutes, made known throughout the city. To the solemn stillness which had before reigned, broken only by the voice of devotion, succeeded the loud sound of the trumpet summoning to arms: the people who had thronged the churches rushed with terror and lamentation into the public squares; and universal consternation prevailed. It speaks powerfully in favour of Gregory, that the opinion of the multitudes thus gathered together, was one of enthusiastic veneration for his person: in as brief a space as the insurgents had employed to seize him, they broke through all opposition to his deliverance; and he returned to the sacred service of the night with feelings not less calculated to deepen his own emotions, than to inflame on his behalf the passions of the populace. Cencio, when the morning dawned, beheld his castle in ruins; and only narrowly escaped falling a sacrifice, with his wife and children, to the indignation excited against him."

We must make room for the very able summary of Hildebrand's political character, as an act of justice to a pontiff who has been so cruelly maligned, and as an example of the great skill in moral analysis possessed by Mr. Stebbing.

" Had Hildebrand been really infected with the vices with which he was charged, he would yet have deserved well of the universal church, for having attempted to purge it of the destructive crime of simony: his violence would have had a better apology than could be urged in almost any other instance of ecclesiastical severity: and he would have merited as a churchman, if not as a simple Christian, a high place among its benefactors. In respect to the design he formed of freeing the church from the necessity of appealing to the civil power whenever a bishop was to be consecrated, care should be taken not to confound this object with those which regard only the aggrandisement of the church in its wealth or splendour. But such is the perverseness or the blindness of many on this subject, that, while they heap up their epithets of abuse on Gregory for thus truly asserting the dignity of the church, they give unequivocal marks of approbation to those who nourish it in an ambition fatal to its strength and purity. Gregory beheld monarchs sunk in sensuality, or the slaves, by their position, of political expediency, making use of the church as a huge depository of bribes and rewards: he saw the most important of its trusts bestowed on those who had not even the shadow of a claim to the elevation, but that which they won by servility, by their assiduous devotion to the business of the court, or through the persuasion of patrons, unworthy

themselves of confidence. He knew that wide and populous districts were thereby placed under men who had neither experience nor spirituality to recommend them; and who, only anxious to obtain preferment, that they might enjoy wealth and luxury, would care as little about the flock of Christ, as if to guard and instruct it formed no part of the obligations appended to their office. Nor did he fail to see that the evil could not stop here. When the heads of the church rise through corrupt influence, the presence of the same evil principle will be manifest in the elevation of the inferior members; and thus the whole body of the priesthood will be infected with worldly-mindedness, pride, and sensuality. To take that power out of the hand of the temporal sovereign, which had been so badly exercised, was the design of Gregory: and had he not pursued his purpose by means which were unauthorized by the Gospel; had he only uprightly contended that monarchs ought not to have the unlimited power of placing Christ's heritage under whom they will; that the church ought not to be surprised by the sudden elevation of men, whom it had no means of examining and proving, he would have ennobled himself in the eyes of every true member of the Christian church; and his labours, crowned with modified success, might have saved religion from many of the deepest wounds it has suffered at the hands of kings and princes.

"But Hildebrand, while seeking to deliver the church from the danger of an improper interference with its appointments, forgot that the very independence for which he contended was founded on principles of the purest spirituality. Instead of contenting himself with simply acting on the defensive, which is all that the Gospel allows its ministers to do, he became an assailant, and, forgetting or willingly blinding himself to the truth, that the civil magistrate is not less ordained by God than the rulers of the church, he usurped a right to chastise, which neither the nature of things nor the constitution of states, nor the scriptures, authorized him to assume. This error, so fatal to his success, so opposed to the holy humility proper to his office, and so destructive in its future effects, was the fruitful parent of those multiplied ills which attended his pontificate. On this the simoniacal prelates whom he summoned to his synods rested the whole strength of their resistance; by this the Emperor was provided with reasons for defying his claims, which the world could not answer; and to this every opponent of the church has appealed, when bringing forth Hildebrand as a by-word on the ambition and tyranny of churchmen."

In conclusion, we may observe, that Mr. Stebbing's History is a judicious, able, and, above all, an honest summary; truth has been the author's first object, and if ever feelings warp his judgment, it is only when his sympathies are awakened for the oppressed, the persecuted, and the calumniated.

We had marked some trivial oversights, but our readers would not thank us for enumerating them; one, however, is too important to be omitted—it was not the Saracens, but their Turkish successors, that persecuted the Christian pilgrims, and provoked the Crusades.

#### Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.

[Second Notice.]

We beg to renew our acquaintance with this peasant companion.

As we are at this moment suffering under a severe head-ache from having passed several hours last night in the otherwise agreeable society of some inveterate smokers, we feel a savage delight in commencing with

the following extract, from a description of "The Promenade" at Langen Schwalbach:

"A few of the young men, with cigars in their mouths, meandered, in dignified silence, through these parties of ladies; but almost all the German lords of the creation had hidden themselves in holes and corners, to enjoy smoking their pipes; and surely nothing can be more filthy—nothing can be a greater waste of time and intellect than this horrid habit. If tobacco was even a fragrant perfume, instead of stinking as it does, still the habit which makes it necessary to a human being to carry a large bag in one of his coat pockets, and an unwieldy crooked pipe in the other, would be unmanly; inasmuch as, besides creating an artificial want, it encumbers him with a real burden, which, both on horseback and on foot, impedes his activity and his progress; but when it turns out that this said artificial want is a nasty vicious habit—when it is impossible to be clean if you indulge in it—when it makes your hair and clothes smell most loathsome—when you absolutely pollute the fresh air as you pass through it;—when, besides all this, it corrodes the teeth, injures the stomach, and fills with red inflammatory particles the naturally cool, clear, white brain of man, it is quite astonishing that these Germans, who can act so sensibly during so many hours of the day, should not have strength of mind enough to trample their tobacco-bags under their feet—throw their reeking, sooty pipes behind them, and learn (I will not say from the English, but from every bird and animal in a state of nature) to be clean; and certainly whatever faults there may be in our manners, our cleanliness is a virtue which, above every nation I have ever visited, pre-eminently distinguishes us in the world. During the time which was spent in this stinking vice, I observed that people neither interrupted each other, nor did they very much like to be interrupted; in short, it was a sort of siesta with the eyes open, and with smoke coming out at the mouth. Sometimes, gazing out of the window of his hof, I saw a German baron, in a tawdry dressing-gown and scull-cap, (with an immense ring on his dirty fore-finger) smoking, and pretending to be thinking; sometimes I winded a creature who, in a similar attitude, was seated on the shady benches near the Stahl brunnen; but these were only exceptions to the general rule, for most of the males had vanished, one knew not where, to convert themselves into automata, which had all the smoky nuisance of the steam-engine, without its power."

We pass with reluctance over an admirable dissertation upon the habits and dress of English servants, as contrasted with those of Foreign servants, it being rather too long for extract, and come to a chapter headed "The Schwein General." This officer, as his title imports, is commander in chief of the pigs, and it is his duty to collect all the pigs of Langen Schwalbach by sound of horn, twice a day, and drive them out to the mountain to feed, and afterwards home again. The whole description of his and their proceedings is excellent—in short, though it may seem anomalous, this *pig-headed* chapter is one of the cleverest in the book. We can only give a slice of it.

"There is, perhaps, in creation, no animal which has less justice, and more injustice, done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling than a pig, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for, and analyzing, his food, we generally con-

demn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty.

"While his faculties are still his own, only observe how, with a bark or snort, he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye; but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally most eagerly, or, as we accuse him, most greedily, meets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this, nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against the blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and—dies.

"It is probably from abhorring this picture, that I know of nothing which is more distressing to me than to witness an indolent man eating his own home-fed pork.

"There is something so horribly similar between the life of the human being and that of his victim—their notions on all subjects are so unnaturally contracted—there is such a melancholy resemblance between the strutting residence in the village and the stalking confinement of the sty—between the sound of the dinner-bell and the rattling of the pail—between snoring in an arm-chair and grunting in clean straw—that, when I contrast the 'pig's countenance' in the dish, with that of his lord and master, who, with outstretched elbows, sits leaning over it, I own I always feel it so hard the one should have killed the other—in short, there is a sort of 'Tu quoque, Brute!' moral in the picture, which, to my mind, is most painfully distressing."

Let us hear what our author says about false hair and teeth:—

"I know it is very wrong—I know that one is always blamed for bringing before the mind of wealthy people any truth which is at all disagreeable to them; yet on the brink of this grave I could not help feeling how very much one ought to detest the polite Paris and London fashion of smartening up us old people with the teeth and hair of the dead! It always seems to me so unfair, for us who have *had* our day—who have ourselves *been* young—to attempt, when we grow old, to deprive the rising generation of the advantage of that contrast which so naturally enhances their beauties. The spring of life, to be justly appreciated and admired, requires to be compared with the snow and storms of winter; and if by chicanery you hide the latter, the sunshine of the former loses a great portion of its beauty. In naked, savage life, there exists no picture on which I have so repeatedly gazed with calm pleasure, as that of the daughter supporting the trembling dilapidated fabric of the being to whom she owes her birth; indeed, it is as impossible for man to withhold the respect and pity which is due to age whenever it is seen labouring under its real infirmities, as it is for him to contain his admiration of the natural loveliness of youth. The parent and child, thus contrasted, render to each other services of which both appear to be insensible; for the mother does not seem aware how the shattered outlines of her faded frame heighten the robust blooming beauties of her child, who, in her turn, seems equally unconscious how beautifully and eloquently her figure

<sup>2</sup> The author is moralizing in a churchyard at Langen Schwalbach.

explains and pleads for the helpless decrepitude of age! In the Babel confusion of our fashionable world, this beautifully arranged contrast of nature, the effect of which no one who has ever seen it can forget, does not exist."

Now, this is all very pretty, and very poetical, and very true, but we cannot go the whole length of our author, for all that. We cannot, upon the strength of his perhaps just indignation, recommend Messieurs Cartwright, Sherwin, Patterson, Clarke, and others, to relinquish their professions; nor can we call upon our old friend Truefitt, of Burlington Arcade celebrity, to shut up shop. If an Englishman's house is his castle, *à fortiori* is his carcass so; and we think, that he has an undoubted right to repair, at his own expense, the dilapidations in either. We have, as yet, lost none of our teeth, and only some of our hairs; but, in defiance of all our clever author's thunders, we will cover our approaching baldness with a comfortable wig; and if we should live to lose our teeth, we will buy some more in spite of *his*; seeing, as we see, no earthly reason why we should either let every rude easterly or northerly blast ice our leafless nob, or why we should mumble our food instead of biting it, in order to point attention more particularly to the fine hair and teeth of the young lady or gentleman next us.

The chapter on 'Sunset,' at Langen Schwalbach, is delightful, but too long for our purpose; we will, therefore, take the anecdote of the first discovery of the spring.

"In the history of the little Duchy of Nassau, the discovery of this spring forms a story full of innocence and simplicity. Once upon a time there was a heifer, with which everything in nature seemed to disagree. The more she ate the thinner she grew—the more her mother licked her hide, the rougher and the more startling was her coat. Not a fly in the forest would bite her—never was she seen to chew the cud, but hide-bound, and melancholy, her hips seemed actually to be protruding from her skin. What was the matter with her no one knew; what could cure her no one could divine; in short, deserted by her master and her species, she was, as the faculty would term it, 'given over.'

"In a few weeks, however, she suddenly reappeared among the herd, with ribs covered with flesh—eyes like a deer—skin sleek as a mole's—breath sweetly smelling of milk—saliva hanging in ringlets from her jaw! Every day seemed to re-establish her health, and the phenomenon was so striking, that the herdsman, having watched her, discovered that regularly every evening she wormed her way in secret, into the forest, until she reached an unknown spring of water, from which, having refreshed herself, she quietly returned to the valley.

"The circumstance, scarcely known, was almost forgotten by the peasant, when a young Nassau lady began decidedly to show exactly the same incomprehensible symptoms as the heifer. Mother, sisters, friends, father, all tried to cure her, but in vain; and the physician had actually—

Taken his leave with sighs and sorrow,  
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When the herdsman, happening to hear of her case, prevailed upon her, at last, to try the heifer's secret remedy; she did so; and, in a very short time, to the utter astonishment of her friends, she became one of the stoutest young women in the duchy."

We must now hasten to a conclusion, and passing over the Bad-haus and Horse Bath at Schlangenbad, and all the interesting

peregrinations made by our author in its neighbourhood, end with a description of the mineral water at Wiesbaden.

"In describing the taste of the mineral water of Wiesbaden, were I to say that while drinking it, one hears in one's ears the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly grossly exaggerate; but when I declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken broth, I only say what Dr. Granville said, and what, in fact, everybody says, and must say, respecting it; and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from nature's great stock pot—the Koch Brunnen of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer or winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same, and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out of the ground and boiling over, in the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing to think what a most wonderful apparatus there must exist below—what an inexhaustible stock of provisions, to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of exactly the same eight or ten ingredients, always salted to exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat.

"One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted; in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at last be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals; but the oftener one reflects on these sort of subjects, the oftener is the old-fashioned observation repeated, that let a man go where he will, Omnipotence is never from his view."

We should think that our extracts of last week have already made half our readers buy this pleasant and instructive book; and that, after the additional ones of to-day, the rest of them will immediately go or send to the booksellers. Our author has, evidently, visited other parts of the world, and we therefore hope that he will forthwith take up his pipe—not to smoke, for that he hates as much as we do—but to blow us some more of those charming bubbles, on which are painted, in such glowing colours, the true representations of surrounding objects. We met him with pleasure, and we leave him with regret.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*'Remarks on Transportation, in a second letter to Earl Grey,'* by R. Whately, D.D. Archbishop of Dublin.—A controversy between an Irish Archbishop and an Australian Archdeacon, is a novelty; still more novel is it to find calmness, reason and simplicity, on the side of the superior dignitary, and passion, prejudice and 'pride of place' on the side of the inferior. In a former publication, the Archbishop exposed, what he regarded as the evils inherent in the system of transportation, and recommended the adoption of other secondary punishments to check crime. The Archdeacon writes what he calls a Reply; he does not, however, impugn the statements, or controvert the arguments, but asserts that the learned prelate "proposes a system of punishment to supersede the fear of God," a strange violation this of the Horatian principle, "nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus." The Archbishop now condescends to show, that this imputation, whether true or false, is indifferent to the issue, and then that the views he had previously taken of this important question, are in all the principal points confirmed by the replies of Archdeacon Broughton and Colonel Archer. The argument of the Archbishop, if valid, is of course against any system of transportation to a dis-

tant country, however well conducted; but we fear, that the mode in which transportation is at present managed, would supply him with many, and stronger reasons. What fearful secrets of the prison-ship were revealed by the late wreck of the *Amphitrite*—secrets which would probably have remained still hidden, but for the honourable exertions of the *Times* newspaper! It was proved in that journal, that a moral death is inflicted on the agricultural convicts, when huddled together with the outcasts of the towns—a punishment infinitely worse than a public execution.

*'The Royal Mariner, &c. &c.'*, by Charles Doyne Sillery, Esq.—In this age of promiscuous poetry, it is impossible to examine with minute justice, all the thousand and one volumes which pass before our notice. Weary indeed, and profitless to ourselves and readers, would be the task of dissecting the lyrics, and sonnets, and epics, which succeed each other with as much abundance, as if they were certain, one and all of them, of finding readers. All that can be done is to bid them go their ways, with as few and as gentle words as possible. But occasionally we are stirred by some preliminary flourish of trumpets, some more than usual stateliness of step, some extraordinary cresting of the head, "as if to question Lady Moon," to take a closer look at the stranger, before we open our toll-bar and bid him go through. We were struck by the plethoric appearance of 'The Royal Mariner.' Alas! we found that much of his bulk was made of contraband wares, which could by no means be permitted to pass—part, of other people's goods, borrowed or stolen—part, of laudatory advertisements of his own stock in trade, beside which, those of the redoubtful Warren himself would look pale.

To be serious, there is no possible reason why we should withhold an iota of our opinion. Concerning a book of so much pretension as the one before us—ostentatiously dedicated to the Queen, graced by the author's pedigree, concluded by fourteen pages of panegyric, incorporated with the volume,—we may surely speak without reserve, and declare our conviction—but, on second thoughts, we will follow our favourite plan, and let Mr. Sillery speak for himself. Hear his account of a Lady, "a poet's love" too:—

And her hair was like clouds where daylight lingers,  
All wavy and goldenly bright;  
And her rosy-tinted, tapering fingers,  
Like willowy wands peeled white.

This is original, at least—we have hinted that all the poetry in this volume is not so: we must prove it:—

Ah! that a being so beloved should die!  
And life be left to the wild butterfly.

Did Mr. Sillery ever read these two lines by Mrs. Hemans?—

Thou art gone from us, bright one!—that thou shouldst die,  
And life be left to the butterfly!—

If we make room for no more plagiarisms, it is not for want of having found them. A tolerably tenacious memory has enabled us to mark dozens. But we must give another specimen of this author's powers—it is from a poem addressed to himself on his twenty-third birthday, and reminds us of a lyric on a similar subject, indited by a little girl of our acquaintance, some seven years old, beginning, "O myself! how sweet thou art!" Mr. Sillery looks inward, and seems struck with what he sees:—

At times, I dare not strike the chords—at others, I'm all song;  
Sometimes I deem that wrong is right—sometimes that right is wrong;  
I meditate so deeply, oft my brain begins to spin,  
And my very soul is sick with thought—Oh! the little world within!

And to crown all, we extract two stanzas from a ballad, on one whose story we would fain

keep sacred from the touch of the incompetent and vulgar:—

Aw ay! away! the breezes swell—the surging waters foam!—  
“ Farewell! beloved France; farewell, my country and my home! I'll never, never see thee more, though dear to all my thoughts.”

Thus sobbed, as sunk the fading shore, poor Mary Queen of Scots.

And when thy melancholy tale of sorrow meets our ears;  
Thy steadfast faith, thy endless fame, shall swell the stream of tears—  
The bay shall bloom above thy tomb when England's minion rots;  
And God will give thee rest in heaven—poor Mary Queen of Scots!

Gentle reader, these are fair average specimens (as the merchants say) of ‘The Royal Mariner.’ Have we spoken our mind too plainly?

‘Great Britain for the last Forty Years,’ by Thomas Hopkins.—Thomas Hopkins is a shrewd, clever fellow, possessing an abundance of common sense, extensive statistical information, great arithmetical skill, and not one atom of imagination.—He commences by establishing, what he considers the true theory of rent, namely, that it is “a tax levied by the land-owners as monopolists,” and of course, like every other tax, “paid by the consumers.” Tithes he considers as a tax, minutely examines its operation, and proceeds to demonstrate, that it is a very variable impost—its amount in value to the proprietor, and consequently its pressure on the payer, depending on extrinsic circumstances. Taxation is the next important head of inquiry, and his theory is pregnant with weighty consequences:—

“Capitalists, it is contended, as such, are beyond the reach of taxation, because a supply of capital must be obtained by labourers on some terms, and these terms depend on the habits of the capitalists, independent of taxation: any taxes, therefore, paid by them, in any shape or form, are merely advanced, and are finally paid out of wages in a higher gross profit. The labourer, as the user or consumer of capital, is the final consumer of it, and he pays all the taxes, direct or indirect, with which it is incubered.”

Having shown the principles on which he designs to found his argument, he proceeds next to investigate the effects produced, by the war against revolutionary France; he enters not into the question of its policy, but endeavours to discover, from what class the immense sums expended in the contest were derived. His conclusion is that the whole was paid by the labourers, and that the pressure of taxation and exhaustion produced by debt, fell upon them, and upon them only. The land-owners, indeed, claim to have paid for their patriotism during this period; but he answers them, by an appeal to the undeniable fact, that the rise in rents was more than proportionate to the increase of taxation.—Without yielding assent to all the opinions of Thomas Hopkins, we are very glad to have become acquainted with him; and trust that this will not be the only occasion on which he will permit us to derive instruction from his investigations.

‘The young Seer,’ by Elizabeth Frances Dagnell.—This is a very pleasant little story book; but, unluckily, the interest of the tale, and its moral, are at variance; and, so far from being deterred from searching into futurity, by the somewhat forced catastrophe with which it closes, we were carried out of our usual discretion by the gipsy scenes, and felt a strange hankering to have our own fortunes told, “by the stars, or by the cards.”

‘Dialogues Moral and Scientific.’—This work is designed principally for young persons connected with Sunday schools, whose means of

acquiring information is of course very limited. The design is excellent, but the execution does not deserve equal praise: there is an inflation of language and parade of learned allusions in the volume, which detract greatly from its usefulness.

‘Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, metricaly condensed in six Cantos,’ by J. Dibdin.—Wherein hath honest John Bunyan been found wanting, that he should be treated thus, and his nervous, scriptural prose be frittered down into verse? But it is strange to see the tasks which some have undertaken. We have seen the book of Isaia done into a cantering metre; and, if our memory serve us right, have heard of a rhymed Paradise Lost. We should think it stranger, however, could we be shown a person, who had read either the one or the other, and fear that Mr. Dibdin's also will prove lost labour.

‘Tabula Philologica.’—The ridicule thrown on philology has arisen from the facilities it affords ignorant pretenders of assuming the semblance of knowledge, and the looseness of reasoning allowed in arguments, where vowels count for nothing, and consonants for very little. Horne Tooke used to raise a laugh at the comparers of languages, by asserting that King Pepin's name was derived from the Greek pronoun *οὐσίης*, and thus ingeniously traced the derivation—*οὐσίης, ηπειρ, οὐτερ, οὐτερη, οὐτερης*, diaper, napkin, napkin, pipkin, pippin, King Pepin. On the other hand, it must be confessed, that Philology exhibits real connexions, apparently as absurd as that between the French monarch and the Greek pronoun; for instance, *evêque* and *bishop*, which have not a single letter in common, are both derived from the same word *episcopus*. It would be rash to pronounce upon any philological speculation, until the whole argument was before us, and we shall, therefore, simply state the apparent object of this very extraordinary engraving. M. Galli designed to show that the name of the Supreme Being is the bond of connexion between all the languages of the world, and that in every instance it is found by combining the first personal pronoun with the verb substantive. He has condensed the results of his investigations into an ethnographical chart, and added mysterious symbols, which we are unable to decipher. The plate would probably have been accompanied by a volume of explanations, had not the author been attacked by that most dreadful of human calamities, insanity. The chart is published with the hope, that by its sale a sufficient sum may be raised to send the unfortunate man home; and as it is a great curiosity as a work of art, being the largest engraving ever published, we trust that these hopes will not be disappointed.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex gave his first Conversazione for the season at Kensington Palace on Saturday, which was attended by Prince Talleyrand, and several of the foreign ambassadors, many of the nobility, the members of the Royal Society, and the principal scientific and literary men in London. His Royal Highness was evidently suffering under indisposition, but his natural affability animated him to support the fatigue of the evening. It is customary at these parties to exhibit new and ingenious inventions, models, &c.; on Saturday, the attraction of the evening was a splendid model of the great pyramid of Cheops, composed of 43,000 pieces of cork, and a vertical section of the pyramid, from which it appears, that the pyramid was not only built upon, but *round* a rock, which, it is stated, rises in the centre of the pyramid 130 feet, on the apex of which is situated what is called the Queen's Chamber. The pyramid was originally covered with plaster

or mortar, which made the surface even, and thus rendered the ascent so difficult, as to be accounted by the ancients a great feat; this plaster having now fallen off, the ascent is comparatively easy. Portions of Mr. Wilkinson's forthcoming splendid map of Egypt were on the table, and gave an additional interest to the subject. A model of the ancient catapulta was also exhibited; and Mr. Cornelius Varley brought his accustomed tribute of microscopical objects, amongst which, one of the most curious was the oscillating motion discovered in some plants. In the long gallery was exhibited a clock, on the principle of Messrs. M'Douall's ‘newly invented rolling helix lever’; the teeth of which, instead of being cut parallel to the axis of the wheel, are cut spirally, as if to work in an endless screw; the advantages of the new method are attested by the certificates and patronage of the first scientific men in the kingdom.

Mr. Thomas P. Courtenay is employed upon a life of Sir William Temple, from materials hitherto unpublished, as well as the letters and memoirs which are in every library; but the illness of a gentleman who is in possession of some valuable papers of the Temple family, will make it impossible to publish the work during the present season.

On Wednesday, at Mr. Evans's, in Pall Mall, Mr. Hanrott's illustrated copy of the works of Shakspeare, in twenty folio volumes, bound in blue morocco, sold for 556l. 10s.: it was richly decorated with many hundred drawings and engravings, of portraits, landscapes, and scenic subjects, all tending to the illustration of his plays, or to the history of the stage in Shakspeare's time. Mr. Hanrott's library will produce altogether about 22,000l.

It is with much regret we announce the death of that very able artist, Mr. George Cooke, at the age of 54. No person who has any love for engraving could have seen many of his works without admiring his talents; and when he had for his subjects the works of Turner or Callicott, he may be said to have almost reached perfection. Many of the most beautiful plates in ‘The Southern Coast of England’ are from his hand; as also, in his brother's publication of ‘The Views on the Thames.’ In Turner's ‘England and Wales’ are some of great merit; and, amongst his separate performances, none are more beautiful than his ‘View of Rotterdam,’ after Callicott; nor should we perhaps omit to mention his publication of ‘Views of London and its Environs.’ Mr. Cooke was one of the original members of the Society of Associated Engravers, who joined together for the purpose of engraving the pictures in the National Gallery, and two plates from his burin are in a state of forwardness. Mr. Cooke's death was sudden and unexpected; he took cold upon leaving the Graphic Conversation, in St. James's-street, and riding home from thence in an open cabriolet to Barnes, his place of residence. From the gentleness and kindness of his disposition, Mr. Cooke was much beloved by his brother artists, and several attended his funeral on Thursday.

We also regret to learn that M. Ventouillac, Professor of French Literature in King's College, died on Sunday morning last, of pulmonary consumption. A correspondent observes that in the knowledge of the English language, M. Ventouillac had acquired a proficiency that very few foreigners ever attain; nor was his knowledge confined to the productions of contemporary writers, for he was well read in the classical authors of this country, and could comment on them with much taste and discrimination.—M. Ventouillac was born at Calais in 1796; he has, therefore, been cut off in the prime of life, after a residence in England of about eighteen years.

We have looked through the remainder of the Magazines since our last. There is always

too great a sameness in the contents of these periodicals, perhaps more so this month than usual. We wish that some one would strike out a new and decided line, and abide by it. Mrs. Hemans graces the *New Monthly* with some charming lyrics: we suspect that the *matériel* for a volume has been dispersed over its numbers for the last few months, as several of these songs have been already set to music. This should have been mentioned. The *Court Magazine* too, that gayest of the monthly ephemera, owes much to this lady, for her translation of the last scenes of Manzoni's *Conte di Carmagnola*. The *United Service Journal* keeps true to its object; the paper called 'The Egyptian Marine' is very amusing, and written with a genuine John Bullish contempt for poltroony and indecision. *Fraser* gives us some curious, but over scandalous letters, extracted from a privately printed volume, and an admirable sketch of O'Connell and Sheil, during the discussion on 'Who is the traitor?' *Tait* is stronger than he was a month ago; 'The Dream of the Dead' is a poem of great power. The *British Magazine* is, as usual, almost exclusively polemical. The new old *Gentleman's* is, we regret so say, rather impudent; instead of abusing us for laughing at the guzzling and gormandizing of the Roxburghers and their old and respected correspondent Hazlewood, (who could have doubted that Hazlewood was a correspondent of theirs?) it would have been far better to have acknowledged that they were indebted to us for the Biographical Account of the late Bishop of Limerick. We have also run hastily over the *American Quarterly* for December, and among much grave matter will be found one or two pleasant papers.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 27.—F. Bailey, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The reading of Captain de Roos's paper on the means employed in recovering the treasure sunk in the *Thetis*, at Cape Frio, was resumed. Very full particulars appeared some time since in the *Nautical Magazine*, illustrated by drawings, so that the subject wanted novelty. Some anecdotes, however, were related, which we had not before heard: in one instance, a large quantity of treasure was found mixed up with decayed meat, so very offensive as to affect the health of the workmen; at another time, a shoal of whales visited the cove, and one suddenly approached the apparatus of the bell too rapidly to permit warning to be given to the workmen; fortunately this unwelcome visitor turned back when within ten fathoms of the bell. Several large masses of rock had to be removed; under one of them 24,000 dollars were found, but nothing was gained by the removal of the last and largest mass, except the satisfaction of knowing that the whole locality had been now thoroughly examined. Full fifteen-sixteenths of the treasure were recovered; and during the whole time there was no case of serious disease, and no fatal accident. The author hence took occasion to remark, that there must be something peculiarly salubrious in the soil of Brazil, for the localities were such as would have produced pestilential miasmata in any other country.

The next paper read, was on the application of an achromatic concave lens to the micrometer, proposed to be called the "Macro-Micro Lens," by G. Dollond, Esq., F.R.S. The author stated, that by introducing one of the fluid concave lenses, recently invented by Professor Barlow, between the object glass and eyeglass of a five feet telescope, it became as powerful as one of ten feet, without any diminution of light or distortion of image. Its use also had the great advantage of diminishing the apparent diameter of the spider-wires of the micrometer. A letter from the Rev. Mr. Dawes,

an eminent practical astronomer, confirmed this statement, and proved that the invention is one of the greatest improvements made in optical instruments for many years.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

A general meeting was held on Saturday, at which the President, the Right Hon. Charles W. Williams Wynn, took the chair. Among the various donations laid on the table were the following: Professor Scyfarth's paper on the Literature, Mythology, &c. of the ancient Egyptians; a collection of arms, articles of dress, &c. from the Khasia hills, in Assam, from Ensign Broadfoot; and a cylinder of baked clay, with cuneiform inscriptions, from Babylon, by Thomas Newnham, Esq. James Bird, Esq., elected at the last meeting, was admitted a resident Member of the Society, after which he continued the reading of his Introduction to the History of Gujarat, resuming the narrative at the period of Mahmud of Ghizni's two last expeditions into India; of these, the first was directed against the fort of Kalunjur, the Rājā of which had incurred the resentment of the conqueror; the latter, against the renowned temple of Somnath, with a view to crush the idolatrous worship of the Hindus. This temple is stated to have been one of the twelve principal stations where *Sīra* was worshipped, under the emblem of the *Linga* or *Phallus*, and a minute account of its establishment, and the practices of its worshippers, is given; Mahmud is here also said to have destroyed the idol with his own hand, and to have ordered the fragments to be placed in the courtyard of the great mosque at Ghizni, but the story of the jewels found in its belly is treated as a fabrication. The death of Mahmud followed shortly after this, which was his tenth incursion into India. The author then describes the extent of the empire left by Mahmud, and depicts the character of his successors, adding sketches of their reigns. The increasing weakness of the Mohammedan sovereigns encouraged the Hindus to hope for an opportunity of retrieving their affairs; and the author here takes a review of the state of India at this time, (about the beginning of the 11th century of the Christian era,) and of the division of the country among the Hindu Princes: the decline of the Gaznevide power is traced, and the rise of the dynasty of Ghor; the founder of the latter house, Mohammed Ghori, continued to invade India, but at first was completely defeated by the Hindus, under their celebrated and chivalric leader Prithirājā, the sovereign of Ajmere; the fortune of war, however, soon changed, and Prithirājā became the prisoner of the Moslem chieftain. With some reflections on the causes of this event, Mr. Bird concluded his reading on the present occasion.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Feb. 19.—Lord Bexley in the chair.—It will be recollected by the readers of our reports of the society's proceedings, that, at the meeting of January 15th, a paper was read, entitled 'Reasons for believing that the Writings attributed to Manetho are not authentic,' by C. T. Beke, Esq.; and that the objection which formed the main subject of the essay, and which was suggested to the mind of the author, in connexion with his ingenious views on the geography of Scripture, was derived from a passage supposed to be from Manetho's history, relating to the expedition of Susakim, king of Egypt, against Jerusalem, in the reign of Rehoboam. Mr. Cullimore, one of the members present at the reading of Mr. Beke's memoir, afterwards addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Society, alleging that the passage in question was not really to be found in the writings of Manetho, but was unquestionably an interpolation by the Chronographer Syncellus, in the eighth century of the Christian era. The substance of this letter having

been communicated to Mr. B., a second communication from that gentleman was read at the present meeting, admitting, in part, the validity of Mr. C.'s statement, and explaining by what causes he had been led into the mistake; but, at the same time, adducing evidence to prove that Syncellus was not the author of the interpolation, but that it is to be referred to an age anterior to Eusebius, the passage being found in the very same terms in that historian. Mr. B. added, that whatever might be the result of the inquiry into the character and authority of the disputed words, his opinion respecting the writings of Manetho would remain unchanged and unaffected; inasmuch as his doubts on the subject arose, in the first instance, as stated in his previous paper, not from this passage, which was brought forward merely as a collateral argument, but from the reference made by Josephus (as citing Manetho) to the bondage and exodus of the Israelites, in connexion with the monarchs of the Thebais; with respect to which, the language of the Jewish historian is so precise as to preclude the possibility of an error. The writer concluded, therefore, by repeating his conviction, that a work which in any manner connects the early history of the Israelites with the kingdom of the Thebais, "which was formerly called Egypt," cannot possibly be the composition of an individual really possessing the character attributed to Manetho, who must necessarily have enjoyed the means of knowing that such connexion did not exist.

The reading of this paper was followed by that of a Dissertation by Mr. Cullimore, in which his objections to Mr. Beke's opinion were embodied at length. He stated, that the Syncelline succession of the Pharaohs, in which the passage under discussion appears, is greatly corrupted, abounding in omissions, interpolations, and transpositions of names, as is proved by collating it with the outline of Manetho's history, preserved by Africanus and Eusebius. He observed, that in the pages of the Greek Eusebius Chronicle, this record possesses no greater antiquity than in those of Syncellus, having been transcribed from that chronographer by Scaliger, into his compilation, which goes under the name of the Greek Eusebius; and he adduced parallel passages of chronographers, in which the expedition of Susakim or Shishak is connected with Manetho's dynasty, without referring the notice to that writer.

Having further adverted to Mr. Beke's objections to Manetho, on the apparent inconsistency of his writings with those of Erastophenes; and having remarked, that the history of Pharaoh Necho, as set forth in the Bible and the writings of Herodotus, appears conclusive against any views opposed to the identity of the Mizraim of the former and the Egypt of the latter.—Mr. Cullimore proceeded to show, that the place in Egyptian history of Shishak, the most ancient Pharaoh who is mentioned by name in the Bible, is established on evidence which furnishes a powerful example both of the integrity of the writings of Manetho, and of the validity and paramount utility of the phonetic system of hieroglyphics. That sovereign appears in Σεσογχίς, Sesonchis, or Sesoch, the founder of the Bubastite family of Manetho's twenty-second dynasty. His Greek name perfectly expresses the Hebrew orthography; and the time of his reign, between the years B.C. 983 and 962, in the oldest and most complete copy of the dynasties, that of Julius Africanus, includes the dates both of Jeroboam's flight to the protection of Shishak, before the death of Solomon, (which occurred B.C. 975,) and of the taking of Jerusalem by the same prince, in the fifth of Rehoboam (B.C. 971). He likewise appears in the Sheshonk, or Shishank, of the hieroglyphic

\* Herodotus, Euterpe, xv.

sculptures and hieratic papyri, which present us with the counterpart of Manetho's Bubastite succession. The native text of the name, moreover, scarcely differs from that in the Hebrew Bible; besides which, the hieroglyphic record here connects itself with sacred history, in a manner independent of Manetho, who is silent on the expedition of Sesonchis against Judea. In the list of the conquests of Shishank, sculptured in the Theban palace of Carnak, and copied by Mr. Wilkinson, the twenty-ninth name is read *Joudah-Melek*, which is literally the title of Rehobom, as expressed in the original of 1st Kings, xii. 23.—*Melek-Jehudah*, King of Judah—*Bailev Lou'a*, in the Greek version. The geographical correctness of the locality of the monumental Judah, the writer added, was likewise pointed out in a memoir on the hieroglyphic geographical tables, recently laid by him before the society—(see our report of the proceedings of Jan. 1st). Upon the whole, therefore, the synchronism, he contended, is established by a combination of direct and unbending evidence.

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

We now give our readers an account of the two expeditions patronized by this Society.

1. Expedition into the interior of South Africa, from Delagoa Bay. The mercantile travellers who penetrate into the interior from the Cape Colony, have explored, as is believed, nearly to the tropic, and in a line, the termination of which is supposed not to be above 150 miles from Delagoa Bay, an excellent harbour, receiving the waters of no fewer than six considerable rivers, in latitude 26° S. In advancing to the northward, the country is found to become more and more fertile and populous. The trade is brisk, at the distance of five or six hundred miles from the frontier of the colony; and in 1827 a Mr. Soco visited a town near the sources of the Maputa, (one of the six rivers already noticed as falling into Delagoa Bay), 1,400 miles land journey from the Cape; and in a few days traded in it to the amount of 1,800L A Mr. Hume has since proceeded 200 miles further north, and found many peaceable tribes, perfectly acquainted with trade, and obtaining European goods from the Portuguese; but, in both cases, the great distance from the Cape not only limits the trade to articles on which a very large gross profit can be made, but also to those only of the most portable description.

The great interest, then, of an exploratory expedition from Delagoa Bay, to intersect this line of inland discovery, and connect it with the coast, is obvious; but besides this, there is direct evidence of a lucrative trade having been carried on at Delagoa Bay by the Dutch, when they were in possession of the Cape; and it seems naturally to belong to the masters of that colony to endeavour to restore this.

The articles of export by the Dutch were ivory, tin, copper, gold, aloes, ambergris, and honey, besides timber to the Cape. To these it is known that iron of the best quality, bees' wax, ostrich feathers, hides, horns, hippopotamus teeth, and perhaps civet, could be added. The natives have also many wants, but that of clothing is paramount: Surat cottons and soft woolens being the articles at present most highly prized. The skins of wild animals, of which they make their mantles, are many of them very beautiful, particularly those of the lynx, worn only by the chiefs. These skins might, perhaps, become a profitable article in the China trade.

Moved, then, by all these considerations, and also by the fact, that this is a direction in which scarcely anything is known of the interior of South Africa, though it seems a key to an extensive intercourse with it, the Council of the Royal Geographical Society has resolved to countenance the undertaking, by subscribing 50L towards its accomplishment. The whole cost of

the attempt, with the facilities which His Majesty's government is willing to afford it at the Cape, is not estimated as likely to exceed 500L; the remainder of which sum, (when the prospectus is put into circulation, which will be within the next few days,) it can scarcely be doubted, will be readily contributed by the friends of enterprise and discovery, and the discerning and commercial public in general. And in such case Capt. Alexander, well known for his previous travels, (overland from Persia, in the Balkan, and in America and the West Indies,) has volunteered to conduct the expedition.

2. Into the interior of South America, behind British Guiana. It is well known that a mountainous ridge rises behind all the Guianas, French, Dutch, and British, and divides them from the basin of the Amazon. This ridge is the source of many fine rivers; it is known generally to possess a luxuriant vegetation to a certain height, and afterwards to assume much of the character of the Brazil mountains, in which extensive mineral riches are deposited; it is, moreover, the site of the El Dorado of Sir Walter Raleigh, and thus excited the curiosity and cupidity of the British public in the days of Elizabeth and James the First; yet is it still almost an entire blank in our maps, without either its more remarkable positions being ascertained, or its real resources examined.

It is difficult to assign a reason completely satisfactory for this long-continued apathy; but some account of it may yet be given. Occupied in trade, and cultivating the rich alluvium of the Guianas, the French, Dutch, and English colonists in them have been alike indifferent to more distant and uncertain speculations. The unsettled and intractable nature of the Indian inhabitants, moreover, did not invite to a close intercourse. An Indian slave trade existed, which created constant dissensions among them. And the facilities for the escape of African slaves from the coast would have been much increased, by an easy communication with the interior.

None of these reasons, however, now exist; and already, in consequence, this interior becomes from day to day better known. What is chiefly wanted, is a man of science to be sent into it, who may be able to fix its more remarkable positions, and render an exact account of its aspect and productions; and a concurrence of peculiarly favourable circumstances at present offers for accomplishing this object.

Mr. Schomburgk, a Prussian traveller and naturalist, now in the West Indies, and a Corresponding Member of the Royal Geographical Society, to which he has transmitted a valuable account of the Island of Anegada, published in the second volume of its journal, at the same time that he has also sent a survey of the same island to the Admiralty, a collection of dried plants from the Virgin Islands to the Horticultural Society, and papers, on various subjects to the Linnean and other British scientific institutions, has further offered to undertake this journey also, if only assisted in defraining its necessary expense, the greater part of which he hopes to meet himself, by sending to England, for sale, collections of dried plants. For these, twelve gentlemen in London have already subscribed at the rate of 2L 10s. per set, of one hundred specimens, collected beyond the limits of cultivation; Mr. Bentham, the public-spirited Secretary of the Horticultural Society, has allowed bills to be drawn from time to time on him, for whatever sums may thus progressively become due; he will also endeavour to sell other similar sets, both in this country and abroad; and, in particular, he will forward some regularly to the Horticultural Society of Berlin, of which Mr. Schomburgk is a member, and which has promised to interest itself in their sale. Altogether, it is believed that from 200L to 300L may be thus obtained for three years

certain; and 500L a year, for the same period, would fully meet the whole expenditure.

The Council of the Royal Geographical Society has therefore felt itself called on to aid in this case also, and after maturely considering both the plan and its objects, it came to the following resolution, which has been communicated to us verbatim:—“That fifty pounds be voted in aid of Mr. Schomburgk's outfit, to be payable to him on his arrival at Demerara, and reporting himself to His Excellency, Sir Carmichael Smith, Governor there, as ready to proceed on his mission: That fifty pounds a year more, for three years certain, be also placed at the disposal of Sir Carmichael Smith, to assist in the prosecution of the plan by whatever means may appear to him, on the spot, most efficient and economical: That the Secretary be directed to bring these steps on the part of the Society under the notice of Messrs. Hay and Le Feuvre, His Majesty's Under Secretaries of State for the Colonies, and both members of the Society, with a request that they would bring them under the indulgent consideration of the Right Hon. the Principal Secretary, himself also a member: And that he (the Secretary) be further authorized to promote the object in view, in the name of the Society, by any other means which may occur to him, taking care, however, not to pledge its funds beyond the limits above as signed.”

We have been also favoured with the following copy of certificate regarding Mr. Schomburgk's qualifications as a botanical traveller, proffered on this occasion by Professor Lindley, and with which we conclude, earnestly recommending both expeditions to our readers, together with the highly useful and interesting society from which they emanate.

“A collection of dried plants from Tortola was sent to me by Mr. Schomburgk, as a specimen of his skill in preparing such objects; and I am happy to be able to state that they were extremely well prepared, very judiciously selected, which is a most important fact, and respectably named. Judging from that collection, I should say that Mr. Schomburgk is unusually well qualified as a botanical traveller.

“(Signed) JOHN LINDLEY.”

## ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

Feb. 24.—Sir Henry Halford, Bart., President, in the chair.—An interesting paper, by Dr. Macmichael, on the Harveian Preparations, preserved in the Museum of the College, was read. The preparations, which were exhibited in the gallery, consist of six large boards, upon which are laid the various blood vessels and nerves, carefully dissected from the human body; in one of which the semilunar valves of the aorta are still distinctly to be perceived. They are supposed to have been made by the immortal discoverer of the circulation himself, or at least under his immediate inspection; and were presented to the College, in 1823, by the late Earl of Winchelsea, the direct descendant of Harvey.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 27.—Thomas Amyot, Esq. in the chair.—Mr. Wm. Oldham exhibited to the Society a small bronze group of an adult male figure, bearing a youth on its shoulders, with the head of a monster protruding in front from under one of the arms. It very much resembles the Hercules conquered by Love, so common on antique gems, and was discovered some years ago at Bressingham, in Norfolk, in the midst of a cart-load of rubbish. The style is not very fine, but the group is nevertheless of considerable merit. Mr. Corner communicated some further remarks on the Pottery and other Roman remains discovered lately, and noticed by him to the Society a short time ago. Sir H. Ellis continued the reading of Mr. Ottley's communication on

the manuscript of Aratus, in which Mr. O. introduced many interesting speculations on the early use and composition of paper.

**WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.**—The last two meetings have been occupied with the consideration of hemorrhage, in connexion with its surgical treatment. Mr. Costello, in a long and interesting paper, introduced the subject with a view to recommend the mode at present adopted by M. Ammusat, and others on the continent, that of *Torsion*, or twisting the artery, in preference to the ligature. At the last meeting Mr. Costello performed the operation on a dog: he chose the femoral artery; on dividing it, he twisted the two ends, and no hemorrhage followed. The subject created great interest, and excited animated discussions on both evenings. It was considered by all the speakers to be an improvement in surgery of infinite value.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	{ Royal Geographical Society .....	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	{ Zoological Society ( <i>Scientific Business</i> ) .....	1 p. 8, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society .....	1 p. 8, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers .....	Eight, P.M.
WED.	{ Geological Society .....	1 p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Arts .....	1 p. 7, P.M.
TH.	{ Royal Society .....	1 p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Royal Institution .....	1 p. 8, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

AFTER many delays and disappointments, caused, we should imagine, by some interruption of the good understanding which used to subsist between Laporte and the lessers of the Italian Opera in Paris, this theatre opened for the season on Saturday last. We have heard, that up to the eleventh hour, the manager was in treaty with Mad. Caradori, who is now in London. Be that as it may, Mad. Feron was engaged at a very short notice, and made her first appearance on these boards, as *Ninetta*, in 'La Gazzetta Ladra.' Mrs. Anderson, (late Miss Bartolozzi,) took the part of *Pippo*, Curioni *Gianetto*, and Zucchelli and Giubilei those of *Fernando* and the *Podesta*. Of the *prima donna* there is little new to be said: she has suffered no great change either in person or voice, during her sojourn in America, and got through her part very creditably on the Saturday—on the Tuesday, she ventured some *riformenti* of a taste more gay than good, and she was therefore less successful. Curioni was cordially greeted after his temporary absence, but time has told its tale on his powers, while it has dealt leniently with Zucchelli, who personated the deserter with great feeling and effect. We thought Giubilei improved, but he should throw himself more heartily into his part; a *Podesta*, in these days, is expected to act as well as sing. The trial scene was given entire, and, having formerly lifted up our voice against its mutilation, we enjoyed it especially. The chorus has been increased and carefully rehearsed. The band was never stronger than at present.

Taglioni and Duverney appeared in 'La Sylphide.' The *corps de ballet* has also been strengthened by the addition of some very good second-rate dancers. As for Taglioni, she remains what she has ever been, almost beyond praise. It would require increased powers of language to do justice to her fascinations.

**First Philharmonic Concert.**—The meetings for this season commenced on Monday last, with a fair proportion of substantial classical music,—and perhaps some will think a little more, as two grand symphonies, Spohr's in E flat, and Bee-

thoven's in A, were selected as the opening pieces of the first and second acts. They went so beautifully, that we were sorry that their slow movements passed without an *encore*—but the concert was longer than usual, Mr. J. Cramer's pianoforte quintett, and Sig. Mason's violin solo, both occupying a considerable time. The first of these two pieces was performed by its author, assisted by Messrs. Mori, Moralt, Lindley, and Dragonetti; he played with his accustomed taste and skill, but we think the piece is more fitted for the chamber than a concert room. In the second, Sig. Masoni, an Italian violinist, recently arrived from Calcutta, made his first appearance at these concerts—and, if we mistake not, his first before a London audience. His tone is very sweet, and he possesses extreme facility of execution, and fertility of fancy—but the latter requires pruning, and there is a want of settled style about his performance, which shows that the discipline of a good school has been wanting in the formation of his taste. Mr. Bishop's new Cantata, 'The seventh day,' the words taken from 'Paradise Lost,' was the great vocal novelty of the evening, the solos were sung by Mrs. Bishop, Miss C. Novello, Messrs. Hornastle, Hawkins, and E. Taylor, supported by a small chorus. As we have already stated our opinion of this composition, we will content ourselves with saying, that it was received with great applause, especially on the part of the orchestra. Sig. Zucchelli sang Carafa's 'A rispettarmi,' and the other vocal pieces were 'Priadi partiri,' terzetto from Mozart's 'Idomeneo,' and the delicious quartett, 'Il cor e la mia fe,' from 'Fidelio.' The Concert concluded with Cherubini's splendid overture to 'Les deux Journées.' The band went remarkably well.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione.*—The exhibition at these meetings of the works of our principal water-colour painters, has become almost a thing of course. On Wednesday last, we were most pleased with the original drawings by Turner, Callicott, and Stanfield, for the new Illustrations to the Bible: the view of 'Tadmor in the Desert,' by the latter, we thought the finest specimen we have seen from his hand. We are also inclined to give praise to Mr. Nixon, for his armorial and antiquarian drawings, to illustrate Scott's poems. Mr. Hart's fine sketch for a large picture of 'Wolsey receiving the Cardinal's hat in Westminster Abbey,' gives promise, that should an order come for the finished work, it would be a splendid performance. There were also exhibited some of Roberts' drawings, for the next year's Landscape Annual.

*Engravings.*—We observe that the valuable collection of engravings belonging to Mr. Monck Mason are to be sold next week by Mr. Sotheby. It includes some fine specimens, particularly of Marc Antonio, many rare productions of the early Italian, German, Dutch and Flemish Schools, and nearly a complete set of the works of Midinger.

A manuscript, on parchment, has been discovered in the archives of Montpellier, consisting of a series of poems in the Provençal tongue. They are thought to have been from the pen of Petrarch. They make frequent mention of Laura, of Vaucluse, of Rome, and of his coronation there. Petrarch, it is known, studied jurisprudence at Montpellier.—We copy this from a French paper.

*La Madeleine.*—The French papers bestow warm eulogiums upon the beauty of the new sculpture in front of the Church of La Madeleine, at Paris, executed by M. Lemaire. The subject is the Magdalene newly converted, kneeling at the feet of Christ, who is seated upon a throne; at

his left is an angel, who menaces and repulses a personification of the Vices, who take refuge behind the new convert. Upon his right is the Angel of the Resurrection, to whom the Christian Virtues are seen approaching. Candour, Faith, and Hope are standing, and Charity is seated, suckling her children. At the angle of the pediment is an angel awaking a just soul, which it raises from the tomb to transport to Elysium. At the opposite angle, a demon precipitates into the flames an unrighteous soul, which completes the composition. Notwithstanding the colossal size of the figures, some of which are eighteen feet high, the whole is said to be in perfect keeping, and the proportions are admirably observed.

A bookseller at Turin having obtained from the censor leave to publish an Almanac for 1834, determined on enriching it with two vignettes, which bore the titles, 'Monuments of the arts of peace beneath the happy reign of Charles Felix,' and 'Historical Monuments of the glorious reign of Charles Albert, from 1831 to 1834.' The first of these vignettes presents, on several medallions, representations of the most beautiful monuments of Turin, executed during the reign of Charles Felix; the second bears also many medallions, with the following inscriptions, 'Reform of the Cavalry, Aug. 29, 1831; New Censorship of Books, 1831; Cattle-market at Turin; Reform of the Body Guards; New Uniform of the Royal Carabiniers; Return of the Jesuit fathers,' &c. &c. The price of these Almanacs, originally five sous, quickly rose, even as high as twelve francs, when the public had perceived the fine ridicule of the inscriptions. The first edition was soon sold off, and the editor applied for permission to print a new one, which was granted, but the same evening he was arrested by the police, and thrown into prison. At the end of six days he was examined, as well as the engraver and printer, to know whether they had any accomplices. They were finally restored to liberty, but the remaining copies of the work were seized, though not until it had had a tolerably extensive circulation.—*Le Temps*.

*The Opera in France.*—In 1645, some attempts were made to establish an Opera in Paris, but it was only in 1671, that a Theatre was opened for the representation of lyric dramas. The opening of this theatre took place, by virtue of letters patent granted by Louis XIV. dated June 28th, 1669. In order to give encouragement to the performance of operas, Louis stated in these letters, that "gentlemen, young ladies, and other persons might sing in musical pieces, without at all prejudicing their titles of nobility, or derogating from their privileges."

The *Shaddock* contains generally thirty-two seeds, two of which only will reproduce Shadocks; and these two it is impossible to distinguish: the rest will yield, some sweet oranges, others bitter ones, others again forbidden fruit, and in short all the varieties of the orange; but until the trees are actually in bearing, no one can guess what the fruit is likely to prove; and even then, the seeds which produce shadocks, although taken from a tree remarkable for the excellence of its fruit, will frequently yield only such as are scarcely eatable.—*Lewis's Journal*.

I asked one of my negro servants this morning, whether old Luke was a relation of his. "Yes," he said.—"Is he your uncle, or your cousin?"—"No, massa."—"What then?"—"He and my father were shipmates, massa."—*Ibid.*

This morning I was awaked by a violent coughing in the hospital; and as soon as I heard any of the servants moving, I dispatched a negro to ask "whether any body was bad in the hospital?" He returned and told me, "No, massa; nobody bad there; for Alick is better, and Nelson is dead."—*Ibid.*

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